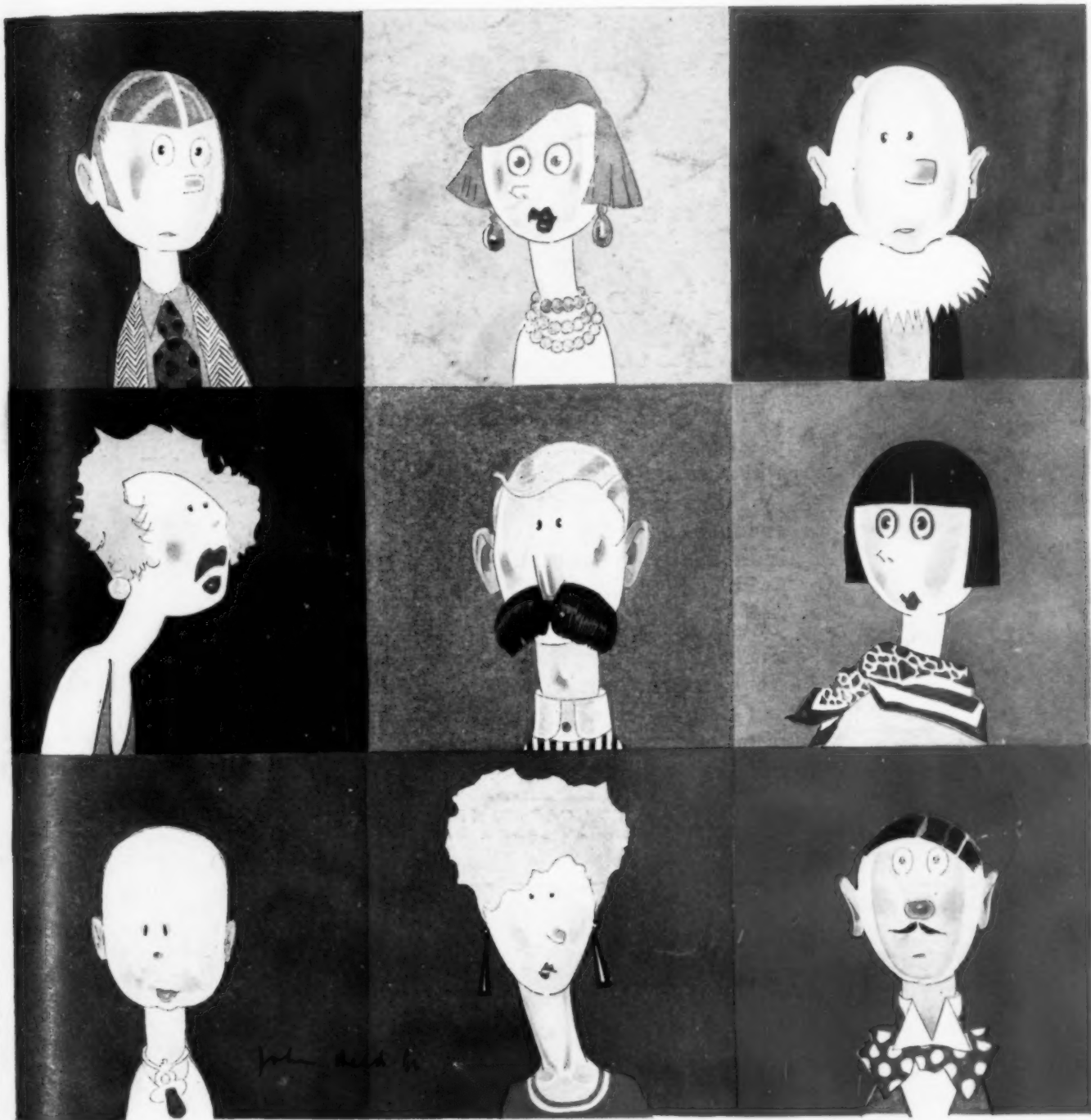


Life

BOOBS NUMBER

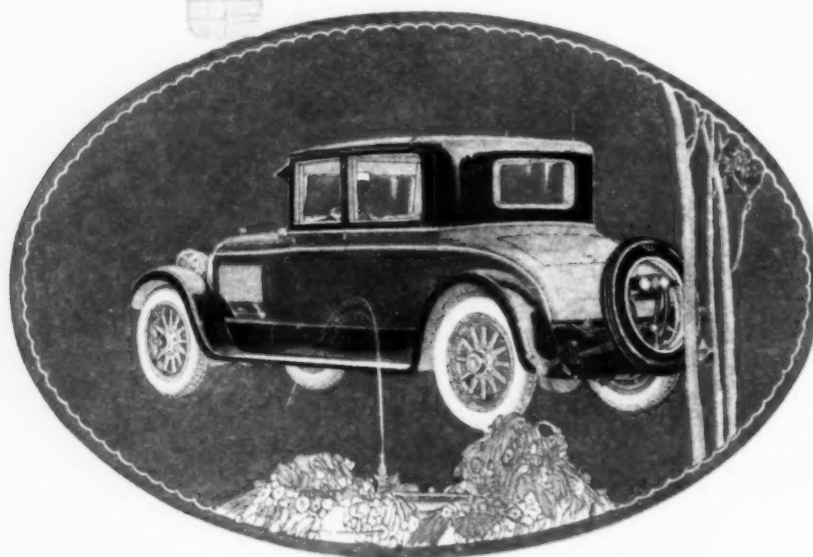


JANUARY 29, 1925

A Vacant Lot

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STANDARD OF THE WORLD



CADILLAC Custom-Built BODIES IN 24 Master COLOR HARMONIES

ONE of the pleasures of purchasing a V-63 Cadillac with Custom-Built Body by Fisher is that you are enabled to gratify your individual taste in both finish and upholstery.

Twenty-four master color harmonies and ten upholstery patterns in mohair and cloth—each a model of tastefulness—are submitted by Cadillac.

From among these you may select the combination which exactly reflects your ideal of beauty.

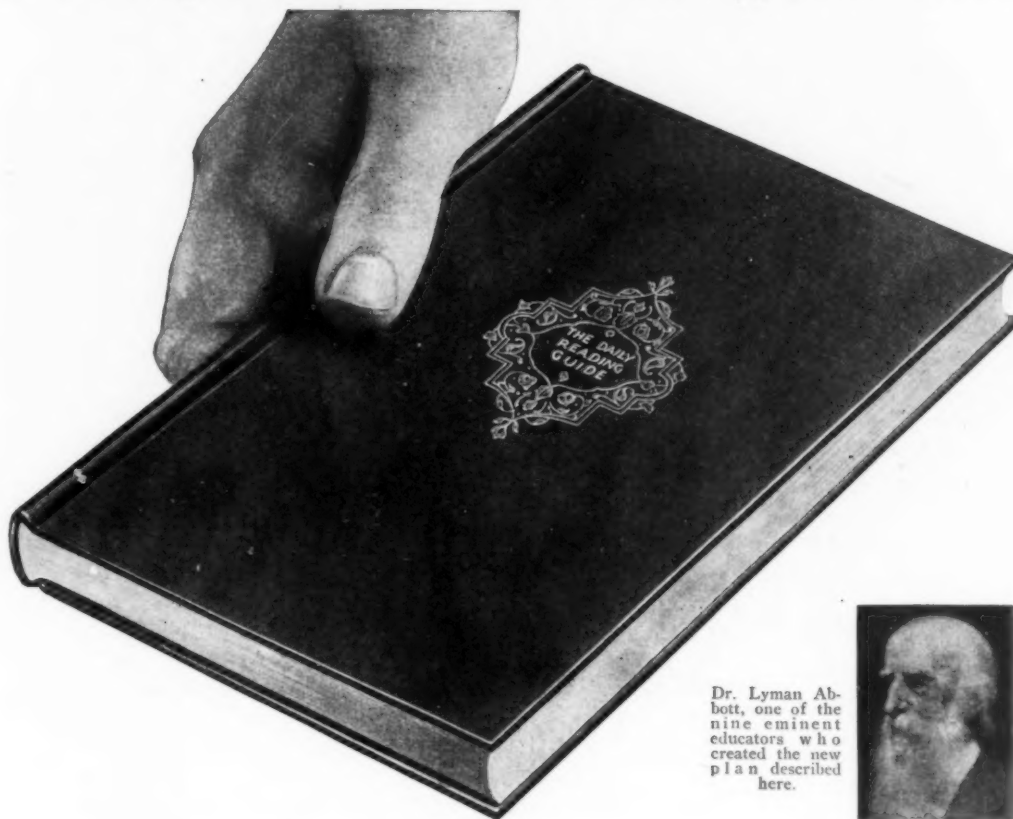
It is a pleasure to own the motor car which is acknowledged to be Standard of the World; and the pleasure is even deeper when that car is endowed with an individual and distinctive beauty of your own selection.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CADILLAC



Thousands say of this book:
"This is just what I have always wanted!"



Dr. Lyman Abbott, one of the nine eminent educators who created the new plan described here.



Simply Mail the Coupon for Your Copy

A FEW years ago a young business man penetrated the inner sanctum of a famous New York newspaper editor and said: "You know so much about life, tell me what is the matter with me. I can't read worth-while literature. For the past two weeks I've been trying daily to read the works of Carlyle, yet I—"

"Stop," exclaimed the editor, "Have you ever tried to eat roast beef three times a day, seven days a week? That is what is the matter with your reading—you need variety, *daily variety*. Then you'll find the reading of immortal literature one of the most thrilling pursuits of your life. Yes, and the most profitable."

Everybody knows that in the reading of the masterpieces is the surest, quickest way to the broad culture. It is more broadening than travel, for it reaches more countries than anyone could visit in the longest lifetime.

But where to begin is the question. There is such a multitude of famous writings. We have only enough time to read the most important ones.

The Tremendous Problems

Even if we do make a start at reading, the next question is how can we keep it up? How can we avoid monotony? How can we get the daily variety in reading that makes the minutes speed by like seconds? This has

stopped thousands of would-be readers. They have started to read; they have fallen by the way.

It is the question that baffled educators, brilliant men of letters, University presidents, editors of magazines and newspapers.

And then, recently, suddenly, by a stroke of consummate genius, nine of the most famous men of letters did strike upon a plan which threw open the doors of literature's treasure house. It made reading of the worth-while things one of the most entertaining of pastimes.

The nine eminent men were Dr. Lyman Abbott, John Macy, Richard Le Gallienne, Asa Don Dickinson, Dr. Bliss Perry, Thomas L. Masson, Dr. Henry van Dyke, George Iles and Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Thousands Acclaim It

The inspiration that came to these men was a Daily Reading Guide—an outline which would schedule for each day's reading, an entertaining variety of prose and poetry, of fictional writing and historical description of the world's finest selections of flashing humor, of penetrating pathos, of masterly eloquence.

This variety was so arranged that the selections fell upon anniversary dates in each reader's calendar. Thus on July 14 much of the reading is about the Fall of the Bastille. Or on February 12th, you read Lincoln's whimsical and little-known account of his own life. Every day is full of such timely interest.

The Daily Reading Guide requires only twenty minutes of reading a day. It is for busy men and women. One year's reading brings you broad culture.

Already this Daily Reading Guide in book form has solved the reading problem of thousands. They praise it for the pleasure and

the profit derived from it. It is found in the library of the millionaire and on the table of the student—man or woman.

Accept It NOW

In the interest of good reading it has been decided to distribute a limited edition of the Daily Reading Guide without cost. You are asked only to help defray the expense of handling and mailing by enclosing 25c with the coupon. The Daily Reading Guide, bound in rich blue cloth with gold decorations and containing nearly 200 pages with introductory articles and essays by the famous editors. Simply mail the coupon now.

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Dept. Y-1111, Garden City, New York

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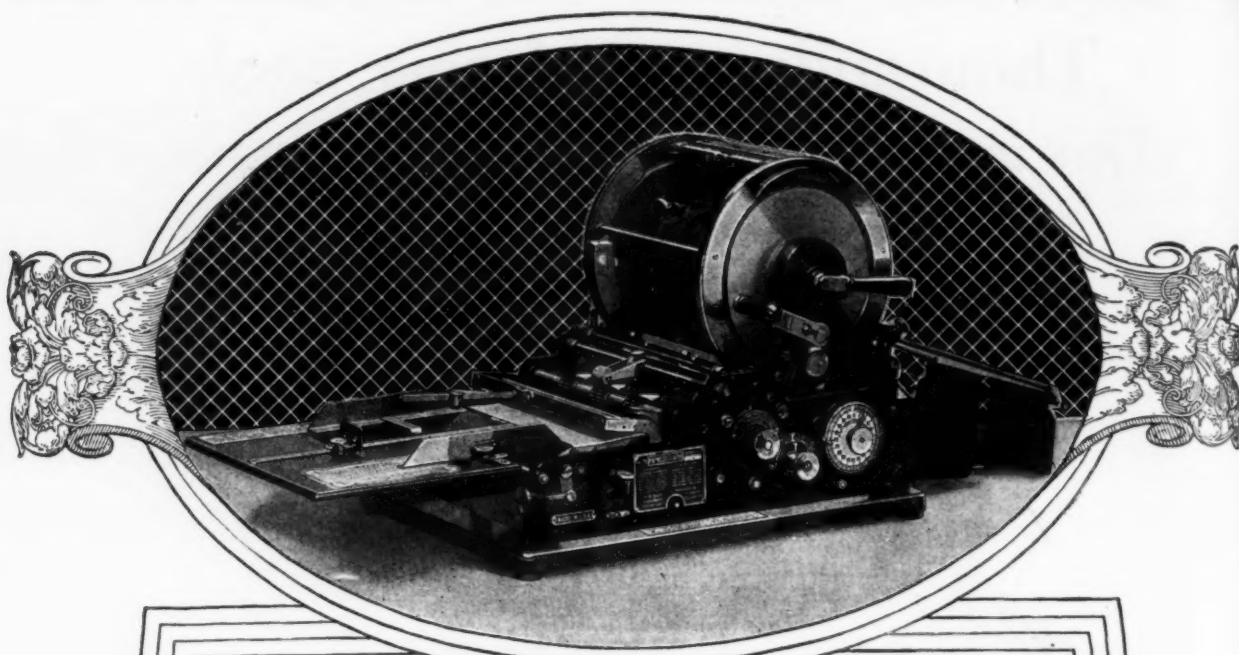
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Gentlemen: In accordance with your special offer in introducing and extending the new plan of essential reading, please send me a copy of the 192-page "Daily Reading Guide," handsomely bound in blue cloth and containing a program of delightful daily reading for each day of the year, which embraces the essentials of the world's literature. I enclose 25c (in stamps or currency) to defray cost of handling and postage. There are to be no further payments.

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And now the new Mimeotype stencil sheet, used without moistening, places the Mimeograph process another long step in advance.

A. B. DICK COMPANY, CHICAGO



The Poor Boob

TEN men stood in the market-place and cried: "The poor boob!" at a simple soul who sat counting his fingers.

Of these ten men—

One had the night before paid eleven dollars for a seat at a musical revue.

One had voted at the last election under the impression that he was participating in a representative government.

One wore a terrible-looking derby because the man in the hat-store told him they were being worn this year.

One believed that the last war was fought for Democracy and that the next will be fought for our national honor.

One had in his pocket a quart of "genuine pre-war stuff" at twelve dollars a quart.

One had married at the age of twenty, having heard that two can live as cheaply as one.

One formed his opinions from the editorials in his newspaper.

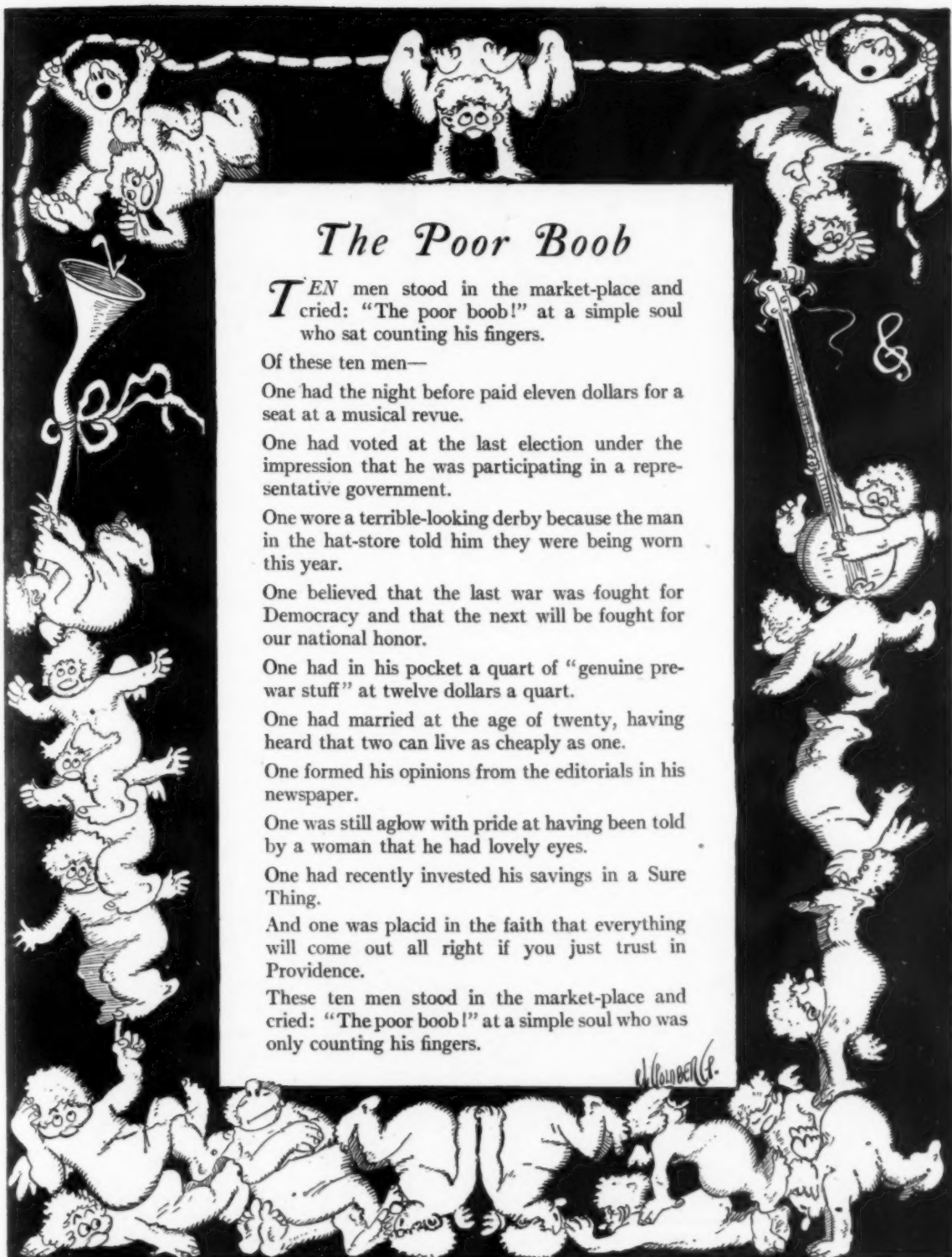
One was still aglow with pride at having been told by a woman that he had lovely eyes.

One had recently invested his savings in a Sure Thing.

And one was placid in the faith that everything will come out all right if you just trust in Providence.

These ten men stood in the market-place and cried: "The poor boob!" at a simple soul who was only counting his fingers.

W. VAN DER BEEK





FROM A FRESHMAN'S LETTER HOME

"DEAR MOTHER:—EVERY MORNING I EXERCISE WITH DUMBBELLS."

The Boob's Philosophy

ALL bootleggers are honest, upright fellows.

Why buy tickets at the box office as long as there are speculators?

There are millions of dollars to be made out of almost any oil stock.

Unless a thing costs three or four times what it is worth, there must be something the matter with it.

The bigger, the better.

By excessive over-tipping one gains enormous prestige.

There is something very great and very wonderful about headwaiters of fashionable restaurants.

One can always tell whether a woman is lying by looking into her eyes.

C. G. S.



FAMOUS BOOBS OF HISTORY

NOAH—THE RELIGIOUS FANATIC WHO PREDICTED A FLOOD

The Biography of a Boob

Birth

BORN August 7, 1890, just in time to prevent his father from closing a \$50,000 deal.

Babyhood

Christmas, 1890, falls out of his crib, upsetting a candle on the Christmas tree, but is rescued by two engines and a hook-and-ladder truck.

Childhood

July 4, 1895, forgets to let go of a giant firecracker and relinquishes both eyebrows.

School

June 28, 1899, successfully escapes all the epidemics through the school year, only to be taken with chicken-pox the first day of vacation.

College

November 8, 1913, after sitting on the side-lines for three years, is given his chance in the last fifteen minutes of the Yale game and runs eighteen yards towards the wrong goal before he is tackled and carried out.

The Great War

March 14, 1918, after praying twice daily to be sent to France, contracts housemaid's knee from K. P. work the day his detachment is ordered to embark.

Back to Normalcy

April 2, 1919, puts all his money in the hair-pin business just as bobbed-hair begins to be popular.

The Present

September 25, 1923, while taking a correspondence course in law, writes a stirring defence of the Ku Klux Klan, and

on November 6, 1924, is elected to Congress by an overwhelming vote.

Bertram Bloch.

Fable

ONCE upon a time there was a man who said he took a cold shower every day of his life, and did.

AFTER a few months' experience with crossword puzzles, Mr. Taxpayer will find the intricacies of the income-tax blank mere child's play.



THE Committee of One Thousand for Law Enforcement is now functioning—which is news to those of us who didn't know there were that many left.

“I had,” said Congressman Scott on the stand at his divorce suit, “a glass of beer or something.” That’s about as good a guess as anybody can make these days.

A civil service examination for a technical assistant in sanitary bacteriology in Cincinnati was recently announced. A part of the duties of the job consists in keeping typhoid out of the city water supply. The entrance salary is \$1,860 a year. Isn’t that an inducement for young college graduates to go in for public service instead of taking up the saxophone?

It is rumored that Trinity College will be made co-educational and will henceforth be known as DUKE’S Mixture.

IGNACE PADEREWSKI has received an offer of three dollars to play the piano at a Swiss dance. What will become of all the thrifty Scotchman jokes now?

A New York jurist thinks it would be a good idea to have a clinic for family squabbles. That occurred to the relatives long ago.

The American bankers who decide what we shall do about our foreign loans (and, by the way, who are the American bankers who decide what we shall do about our foreign loans?) have agreed to extend the payment period still further, which means that the British and French press will be hard put to it to think up new causes for grievance against the United States.

“LAFAYETTE, we are there” evidently does not apply to the United States when it comes to collecting her debts.

If the great DAWES plan turns out to be a failure, the Republicans can always admit that it really belongs to OWEN YOUNG, a Democrat.

The proposal to erect a monument to baseball in Washington is a matter of no concern to the successful ball player. He has made his pile.

“Our jazz,” concedes IRVING BERLIN, “is a bit muddy now. The words aren’t just right, but the national expression is there just as truly as in the German waltz or the fiery Italian music or that oola something you find in the French music.”

That “oola something” must be the—er—something that makes French music sound so—well, so Frenchy, if you know what we mean.

Tama, Iowa, has a newspaper with two editorial columns, one with Republican and the other with Democratic opinion. It could save much space and labor by learning the metropolitan technique of getting both into the same column.

The man who won \$20,000 naming a magazine and then proceeded to tread primrose paths illustrates the old saying that it’s but a short step from “Liberty” to license.

A German woman admits having had twenty-seven husbands. Hollywood papers please copy.

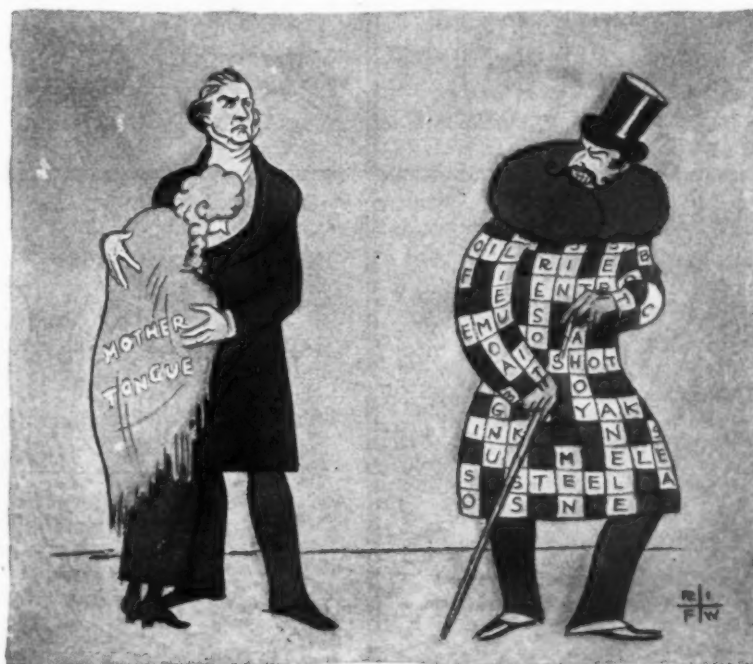
Many motorists this year have succeeded in having the figures on their license plates and their telephones identical. This probably is in the hope that if they are followed by a speed policeman he will get a wrong number.

The old Concord stage coach has been purchased by HENRY FORD. “Just a real good car,” commented Mr. FORD modestly.

In view of his fondness for New England relics, we wonder whether Mr. FORD has put in a bid for the recent earthquake.

The average adult consumption of whisky per annum in an English industrial center is 11.4 gallons. To a hardened New Yorker that’s merely the shank of the evening.

Feminist slogan for 1925: A woman governor in every home.



Noah Webster (to Mr. X Word Puzzle): Y'AIN'T DONE RIGHT BY OUR NELL.

1.



2.



3.



4.



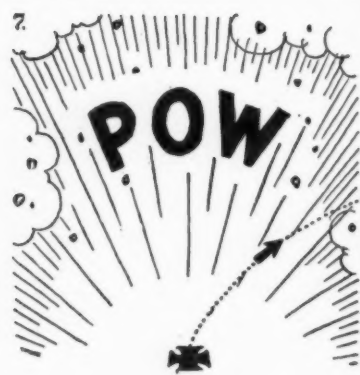
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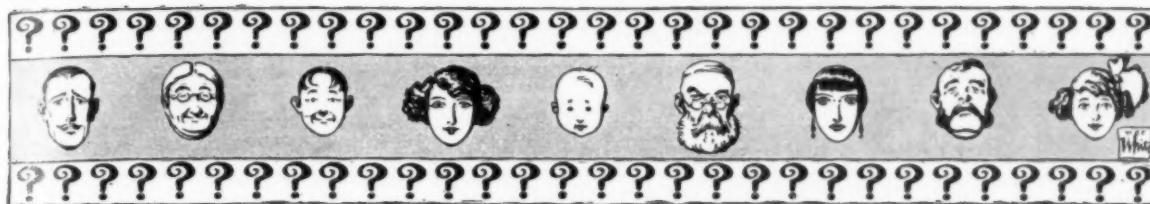
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8.



The Comic Strip Eternal



The Question Contest Is Now On

STARTING at this particular instant, LIFE is opening its columns for the discussion of ten vital questions of the day, and is offering thirteen cash prizes to those who can air their views most effectively. The first question is asked herewith and nine more will follow, in successive issues.

This offers a unique opportunity to those who have decided opinions on all problems of national importance and to whom access to print is usually denied. For such still, small voices, LIFE will provide a loud speaker—a chance to tell the world in no uncertain terms.

LIFE itself is assuming a pose of absolute neutrality, of judicial impartiality, in conducting this Contest. It will take sides with no one, but will leave the expressions of violent opinion to its readers; those who can state their cases most forcibly and with the greatest logic will win the coveted prizes.

Answers may be serious or hilariously funny; they may be calmly philosophical or violently immoderate; they may be sweet or cynical. *But they must be brief!* That is the one restriction: no

answer which is over two hundred words in length will be considered, whatever its merit. Indeed, the winning answers may well be limited to the required scope of a night letter.

Prizes

For the best record throughout the Contest:

FIRST PRIZE.....\$300
SECOND PRIZE.....\$125
THIRD PRIZE.....\$ 75

For the best answer to each individual question:

WEEKLY PRIZE.....\$50

This Week's Question:
WHAT IS THE WORST LAW IN
THE UNITED STATES?

(Answers to this question must be received at this office not later than noon February 7, 1925.)

The current question, "What is the worst law in the United States?" is a specimen of that which is to come. It is broad, it is provocative of considerable argument, and it is inclusive; it is not by any means limited to the Constitution itself, but may reasonably apply to any laws—Federal, State or Municipal—which prove to be particularly obnoxious.

It is urged that all readers of LIFE follow this Contest through to the finish and take a shot at every question, as those who have the highest batting average for the Contest as a whole will be awarded the major prizes. Furthermore, it

is entirely possible that one person may win several of the individual prizes. There is no edict against repeaters in this Contest.

Read the conditions carefully, study the question that is presented this week—and then go to it! This is your big chance to talk right out in public meeting.

CONDITIONS

ONE question will be published each week for ten weeks, starting with the current (January 29) issue. Answers to each question must be received at this office not later than 12 noon on the second Saturday following announcement of the question (in this case, before noon of February 7).

The winning answer to each question will be awarded a prize of \$50. Announcement of these winning answers will be made in LIFE within five weeks after each of the questions is published.

To the three contestants who have the highest record throughout the Contest, prizes will be given as follows: First, \$300; Second, \$125; Third, \$75.

To be eligible for these prizes, it is not necessary for a contestant to answer all of the questions, but it is advised that he or she submit as many answers as possible. Each answer must not exceed *two hundred words*; in fact, brevity should be an object. There is no limit to the number of answers which a contestant may submit.

Answers must be typewritten, or very plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and addressed to the Question Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

The Editors of LIFE will act as Judges in this Contest; they, and the members of their families, are necessarily barred from competition. The

Read these carefully!

decision of the Judges must be considered final. The Judges can not undertake responsibility for the receipt or return of any manuscripts. In the event of ties, the full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. Checks for the weekly prizes, as well as for the final major awards, will be sent to the winners simultaneously with the announcements in LIFE. The Contest is open to every one, whether a subscriber for LIFE or not.

Every contribution to this Contest which is published in LIFE will be paid for at our usual rates—whether it wins a prize or not.



WHY ASK?

First Convict: WERE YOU ADDRESSING ME?

Second Convict: YOU DON'T NEED TO BE ADDRESSED—
YOU'RE ALREADY WHERE YOU'RE GOING.

Modern Chronicles of America

(The Hamilton-Burr Duel, as Put on by Aleck and Aaron, the Lightning Duo of Vaudeville.)

ENTER, singing: "Oh, Mr. Hamilton! Oh, Mr. Hamilton!

You're a fishy proposition, what I mean.
You ain't never done no work an' you're lazy as a Turk;
Now, who was that lady with you which I seen?"

"Oh, Mr. Burr! Oh, Mr. Burr!

What you buttin' in my private business fur?
Oh, I wisht you'd stow your jaw; 'twarn't no lady wot
you saw."

"Then wot was she, Mr. Hamilton?"

"Your daughter Theodosia, Mr. Burr!"

HAMILTON: Say, Aaron, 'dju hear the nifty us patriots
put over on King George III in '76?

BURR: No, I ain't, Aleck, wot was it?

HAMILTON: We tells him, "You Ain't Gonna Reign
No Mo'." Har, har, har! Thass a good one, that is!

BURR: Thass a purty good one, aw right, Aleck, but
'dju hear wot I says when they wants me t' head th'
Prohibition Nash'nal Ticket?

HAMILTON: No, Aaron, what 'dju say?

BURR: I says, "No," I says, "I'd ruther be tight than
President."

HAMILTON: Say, Aaron, 'dju hear 'bout the time Ben
Franklin an' some feller was over in the House of Lords,
an' a coupla Lords gets up to go out, an' one Lord says:
"Say, Lord, less us walk out backwards." An' the other
Lord says: "Why?" An' the first Lord says: "'Cause I
heard one of them Americans say: 'When them guys go
out, less us pinch their seats.'" Har, har, har!

BURR (stepping forward): Laydeez an' gempmun, the
Lightnin' Duo of Vodveel, Aleck an' Aaron, will now
entertain you with a comical song entitled: "When the
Mormon Men Leave Utah, There Won't Be Nobody
There 'Ceptin' Us Chickens." Puffessor, if you—

(This brings down the house, one of the flying timbers
felling Hamilton. Hours later, posses from the audience
are still searching for Burr.)

Tip Bliss.

The Poet's Reward

HE had no quarrels with present-day morals;
His was no story that *had* to be told;
He had no lust for acquiring of laurels,
Nor did he fashion his verses for gold;
Nary transgression required confession:
Single and simple the thing that he sought—
He merely longed to achieve self-expression.
That's all he got.

Kile Crook.

About Boobs

THE experiment has never been made, but I feel certain
the country could not get along without boobs.

Boobs are not growing fewer, in spite of the high rate of
mortality on grade crossings. In the last political campaign
Bob La Follette asked admission to one of his meetings and
got it. That alone proves the plenitude of boobs.

Without any boobs the Ku Klux Klan industry would go
into the hands of a receiver. After-dinner speakers would
have to get some new stories. Movie sub-titles would be
greeted with ribald jeers. Without boobs there would be no
hat-check privilege. And practically no hats to check.

McCready Huston.

THE model used for "The Thinker" must have been
working out a crossword puzzle.



FAMOUS BOOBS OF HISTORY

DIOGENES—THE CRACKED IDEALIST WHO TRIED TO FIND AN
HONEST MAN

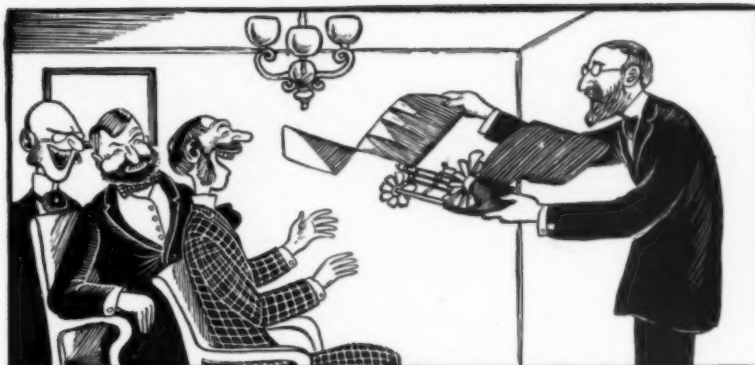
The Lost Books of Livy

I SEE that the Lost Books of Livy have been found at last and it certainly is a load off my mind. For a while, I thought that they were probably gone forever, and knowing how careless Livy was I felt sure that he had neglected to take out insurance. Livy must have been one of those near-sighted, absent-minded scholars who are constantly mislaying things. From the description in the newspapers, the books are large and bulky and any man who could lose them would lose a grand piano or a ferryboat. Still, I am relieved that they are found. It must be a great satisfaction to his family.

There are other episodes in history that are even stranger and more incomprehensible; for instance, there is the extraordinary case of the Lost Tribes of Israel. I can understand how Livy might have left those books on a railroad train; I have done the same thing frequently myself, and I am not unusual. But how on earth any one could be careless enough to lose ten tribes of Hebrews is beyond me. Just plain dumb carelessness, I call it.



"OFFICER, ARREST THAT MAN FOR CARELESS WALKING—HE DELIBERATELY WALKED INTO MY CAR AND BENT BOTH FENDERS AND A MUDGUARD."



FAMOUS BOOBS OF HISTORY

LANGLEY—THE CRANK WHO CLAIMED THAT HEAVIER-THAN-AIR MACHINES COULD FLY

I have often wondered why they didn't advertise in the Lost and Found columns of the Palestine newspapers. "Lost; Ten tribes of Israel. Liberal reward offered for their return. No questions asked." I can hardly imagine myself or any of my friends losing ten tribes, or even six, for that matter, without making a vigorous effort to locate them.

I remember reading somewhere about the lost continent of Atlantis. For sheer inexcusable negligence, there is a case that is in a class with the Ten Tribes. Just imagine losing a continent; it is incredible! Still, if people insist upon leaving their continents lying around carelessly they must expect something to happen to them.

I can picture the scene when the fellow who owned that continent came home.

"Mama," I can hear him say, "have you seen that continent of mine anywhere around?"

"Well, where did you leave it?" says Mama, looking up from the oil stove where she is cooking the dinner.

"I left it in back of the house—behind the garage."

"Well, you're always losing things. I never knew such a man. You'd lose your head if it wasn't fastened on your neck. Did you look upstairs in your bureau drawer?"

"Now how in blazes would it get upstairs in my bureau drawer? I told you, didn't I, that I left it outside behind the garage. Some crook has just come along and walked off with that there continent of mine. And I could have sold it only last week..."

"All right," says Mama with asperity. "You can't say that I didn't warn you. If I told you once I told you a hundred times that you ought to fasten up that continent and not leave it out there so careless. But no! I might just as well have been talking to the four walls. I don't believe it's stolen at all. I'll bet you just put it somewhere and forgot where you left it. If you look upstairs in your bureau or in the hall closet, you'll probably find it right where you left it. You're always mislaying things. If I told you once I told you a hundred times..."

"All right! All right! Let it go. I'll buy a new continent. But I sure do hate to lose that there Atlantis...."

From the latest reports Atlantis is still lost. I suppose the Lost Tribes of Israel are living upon it somewhere.

Newman Levy.

Easy Money

FIRST BOOB: Bet you I can tell what you're thinking about.

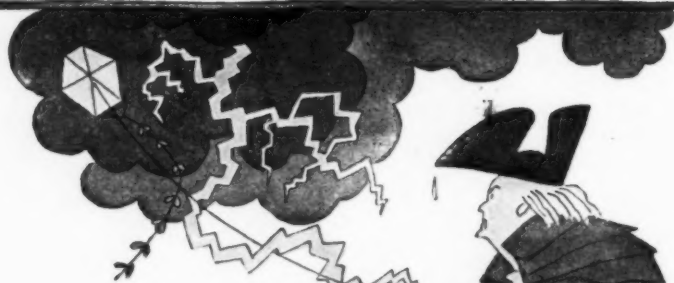
SECOND BOOB: Bet you can't. Now, what have you got to say?

FIRST BOOB: Nothing.

SECOND BOOB: You win.



THALES OF MILETUS (640-546 B. C.) DEVOTED THE BEST YEARS OF HIS LIFE TO ESTABLISHING THE FACT THAT AMBER, SUBJECTED TO FRICTION, WILL GENERATE AN ELECTRIC CHARGE



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790) RISKED DEATH TO DISCOVER THAT LIGHTNING IS A DISCHARGE OF ELECTRICITY



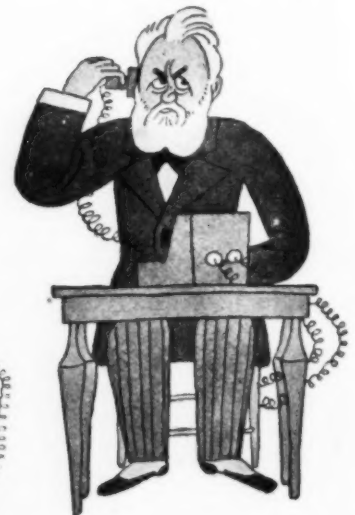
ALESSANDRO VOLTA (1745-1827) WORE HIMSELF TO A MERE SHADOW INVENTING THE VOLTAIC PILE



ANDRÉ MARIE AMPÈRE (1775-1836) SUFFERED UNTOLD PRIVATIONS TO DEVELOP HIS THEORY OF ELECTRO-DYNAMICS



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE (1791-1872) GAVE HIMSELF NO REST UNTIL HE HAD PERFECTED THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL (1847-1922) CONCENTRATED EVERY OUNCE OF ENERGY UPON PERFECTING THE TELEPHONE

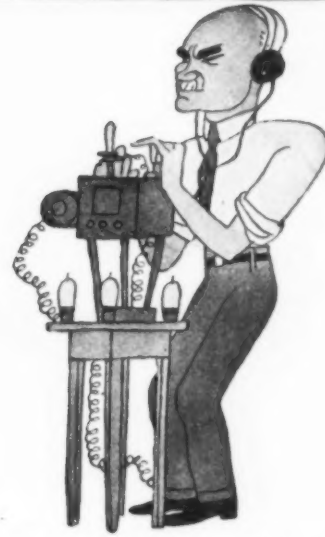
"The Program Is



THOMAS ALVA EDISON (1847-....) TOILED NIGHT AND DAY TO INVENT THE ELECTRIC VALVE



GUGLIELMO MARCONI (1874-....) HAD TO OVERCOME INNUMERABLE DISCOURAGEMENTS BEFORE HE PERFECTED WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

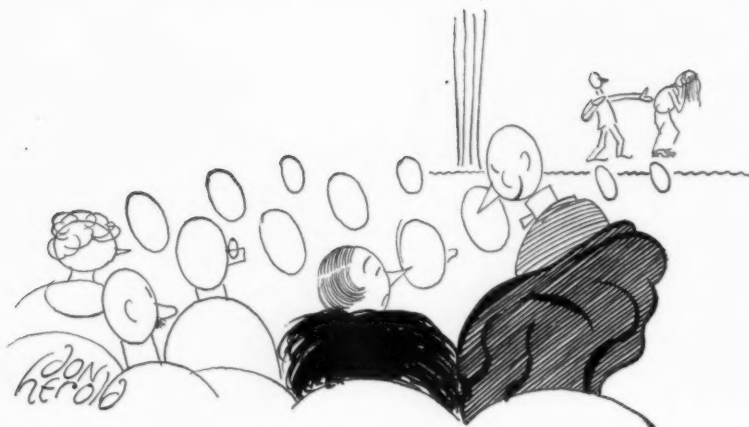


LEE DE FOREST (1875-....) SPENT WEARY YEARS PERFECTING THE AUDION, MAKING TRANSCONTINENTAL WIRELESS TELEPHONE SERVICE POSSIBLE

—And All for the Sake of This!



Coming in Fine"



"WE MISSED THE FIRST ACT."
"WELL, THAT'S JUST SO MUCH VELVET."

Dull Domesticity

VERY MODERN YOUNG HUSBAND:
Let's stay home to-night, lovie.

V. M. Y. WIFE: I'd like to, dear, but we must be careful not to let ourselves stagnate. We stayed home one night last month and two the month before.

"HA! Ha!" chortled Mr. Slugger, as he opened up the case and found but eleven bottles. "I see, a bootlegger's dozen."

THE question also is, when is the younger generation coming to?



She: LET'S GO TO "DANTE'S INFERNO."
He: NO, THANKS, I DON'T DANCE.

Nox Nocti Indicat—

WHEN I survey the bright
Celestial sphere:
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear;

To see such waste, I wot
I am struck dumb
That such a great display should not
Be advertising chewing gum.

No starry letters in the skies
Are placed to say
That some screen favorite testifies
In praise of Hoozus' Beauty Clay.

Trees, rocks and mountains are defaced
Such goods to cry—
How must sign-painters feel disgraced
That they can't tamper with the sky!

D. R. S.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

**January
22nd**

Lida Ellis come early to see me, with news of a man she had met last night at a revel who had said seriously as a prologue to a tale, You may not be aware, Mistress Ellis, that the Prince of Wales recently paid a visit to this country, but Lida stuck it out to, methinks, his complete captivation. Lord! if genius be an infinite capacity for taking pains, popularity does surely rest on the same ability for putting up with bores....In the afternoon to an intercollegiate crossword puzzle contest whereat Raymond Hitchcock, very comical, was master of ceremonies and Mistress Robert Benchley and I did represent Smith College, but Lord! the boards on which we worked in view of all were so gigantic that, having written "one" for "unit" instead of "ace," we could not perceive our error before Wellesley had finished. Mr. Hitchcock did confide that our persistence in so simple an error had almost caused him to, sob aloud, but at any rate we did lose no time by pausing to light a cigaret, as did H. Broun, who stood with Robert Sherwood for Harvard.

**January
23rd**

All the morning gone searching the town for ballades to add to Miriam Doyle's and Blair Neale's repertoire
(Continued on page 29)

We Nominate for the Boobs' Gallery

Henry W. Anon.

BECAUSE he has done more than any one—except perhaps Mr. Hearst—to introduce quantity production into the literature industry. Because he has written sonnets, hymns and letters to the editor with commendable impartiality, and is equally gifted in each field. Because he does not go about making speeches at Browning Clubs and Thursday Afternoon Literary Societies.

John Doe.

Because he can always be depended upon to do something interesting, like murdering his wife's relations or setting fire to the First Methodist Church. Because he has never been convicted of a crime, although his name has appeared on countless police warrants. Because he has never been caught, being as elusive as a derby set free by a high wind.

Richard Roe.

Because he has never tried to cash the thousands of sample checks made out in his name that appear in advertisements. Because he is our most versatile American, the darling of the correspondence schools, being at will anything from a captain of industry to a file clerk.

Morgan R. Van Astorbilt.

Because of his long and faithful service in our comic magazines and on the stage. Because to the average American he is the embodiment of that mysterious creature, the Financier. Because he has never had the amount of his income tax published.



Simple Simon: SAY, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR POLA NEGRI FOR TWO HOURS. DON'T SHE EVER GO HOME?



FAMOUS BOOBS OF HISTORY

COLUMBUS—THE POOR SIMP WHO BELIEVED THAT THE WORLD IS ROUND

John Citizen.

Because he is the ever-ready veteran of the editorial page. Because generations of cartoonists have not dared to give him other than an openly honest countenance. Because, in spite of his being pointed out as a model, he has never voted, paid taxes or attended church.

Pat and Mike.

Because they are the best-known of the Irish. Because, as our leading humorists, they have saved unnumbered banquetters from death by gas. Because they are the most quoted and misquoted men in the world.

John C. Emery.

LIFE'S Little Sermons

LO, the poor Boob! He knoweth not whither he goeth nor why—and yet Solomon in all his wisdom were not as sure as one of these.

He crieth aloud against the Administration but seldom voteth.

He spendeth his sustenance for oil stock and decrieth modern extravagance.

He sitteth up the entire night while he listeneth to a jazz band but yet he declaimeth, "Early to bed and early to rise maketh a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

He liveth in the hope of a score under a hundred.

And he is happy.

But we pity him and decry his aimlessness.

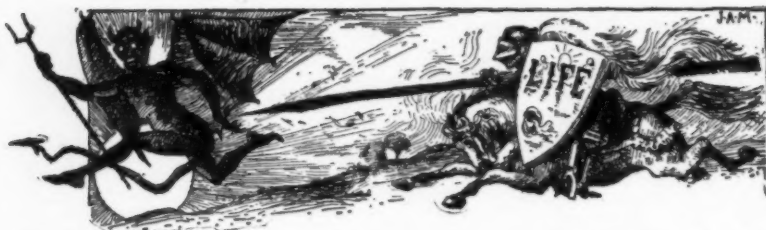
For we, too, are boobs.

Stuart Little.

Perfectly Clear

"AS you may readily see," said the magician to the audience, "I have nothing up my sleeve."

"As you must know, dear," said the woman to the man, "I wouldn't dream of deceiving you."



JANUARY 29, 1925

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THERE was a breakfast at the White House the other day for business men representing a committee of 1,000. They had an orgy of waffles and sausages. Of course it should have been buckwheat cakes and sausages, but the papers said waffles. Apparently this committee of 1,000 has been assembled to put props under Prohibition, for our neighbor the Springfield *Republican*, in talking about this breakfast, speaks of it as a kind of Prohibition barrage. The President, it says, is for enforcement. "He patronizes no boot-legger and there are no White House cocktails." But there are seldom any cocktails at breakfast anywhere. Mr. Gary and Mr. Rockefeller made speeches at that one and praised the President for going so dry, and held him up as an example to us all and read resolutions urging us "to accept his leadership in conduct, and to endorse in practice the integrity of his fidelity to the supremacy of the law."

Some surplus of words in the resolutions, but that is characteristic Dry talk which instinctively tries to make up in sound and fury what it lacks in sense. In old times temperance reformers used to talk about the evils of rum. These current Drys do not do that; they confine themselves to discourse on the supremacy of the law. They are strong for that. That is what the *Republican* dwells upon. There never was anything, it says, like the systematic, organized effort to break down the Prohibition laws. "It is a thinly disguised form of levying war on the United

States. A certain number of people say: 'This law shall not be made effective'; and they defy their government in saying it."

Bless you, neighbor! that is not at all what people say. They say Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Robinson and his sister are coming to dinner, and I have got to have something for them to drink. Then they consider how to get it and do the best they can. What they get is not very good, but it is better than nothing. They are not interested in the slightest to defy the Government or levy war on the United States. They simply want to get something to drink because people are coming to dinner. That is what Prohibition enforcement is up against. So when you say: "The Government cannot surrender, after being so boldly and shamelessly challenged, without losing the respect of all citizens," you are not really talking sense. On the contrary, you are just yelling. Since the earliest times in our history the Government has not had in any high degree the respect of its citizens. It is awful and always has been, and doubtless always will be, but we put up with it because it is ours and the best we can do. But we do not say our prayers to it when we go to bed. Not much! You wish we did, don't you? You think we ought to, don't you? You want too much, *Republican*.

THE papers are full of careful and critical notices of a mortuary character about persons who are about to leave office or about to take it. Mr. Hughes has given notice that he will quit shortly. Mr. Kellogg, lately of London, is to have his job. Mr. Houghton, lately of Berlin, is to have Mr. Kellogg's job. Mr. Stone has been elevated to the Supreme Court. Mr.

Warren, lately of Mexico, Japan and other stations, is to be Attorney-General for a while, and Mr. Thomas Thatcher is to be Federal Judge in New York in place of Judge Learned Hand, promoted. Most of the papers speak with commendation of Mr. Hughes' labors. Some of them regret that he is getting out, but most of them show a sporting interest in change and seem to feel that it is interesting to have variety. There is a good deal of dubiety about Mr. Kellogg, who is a good lawyer but has a bitter-end record in international affairs, though two years in England has probably modified it. Whether Mr. Warren will really make a first-class Attorney-General is not generally known yet, but he is a sophisticated and experienced person and ought to be valuable in the Cabinet. The shifting of the ambassadors is all in the day's work and the selection of Mr. Thatcher to be a Judge is very highly commended. Mr. Coolidge's official family is gradually accumulating.

THE ladies are getting into office so you notice it. Their pictures are in the papers, and elaborate reports of what they wear when they take the oath. Two women are governors. A woman is Secretary of State of the State of New York and gets more notice than any occupant of that office has had since it was created. Like the Cabinet changes and the transposition of ambassadors, it is all in the day's work to have these ladies grasp their sceptres. We shall not know what Woman Suffrage comes to until women are tried out in office on a much more extended scale.

We must hurry with all our arrangements just now and try out everything possible because Christabel Pankhurst and a lot of other prophets, certified and otherwise, say that our time for orderly experiment is short, and that the world is going to be stood on its head within a year or two, and that a great deal is about to happen to us without the consent of Congress. The general idea of it all is a big knock-down and drag-out accompanied by tousling of the hair of the nations, which to some expectant souls is visible as Armageddon and to Miss Pankhurst as the last spasm of the Roman Empire. It will be over after a while and then this world is to have better management and business is to be good again and the saints much more comfortable.

E. S. Martin.



"Look at the



at the Big Boob!"



Continued Applause

A WHILE ago we intimated that some one (we forget who just now) might take Al Jolson's place. We were just crazy, that's all. We doubt whether any one could ever take his place. Certainly no human being. We can't imagine what we were thinking of to have said such a thing.

To sit at "Big Boy" and feel the lift of Jolson's personality is to know what the coiners of the word "personality" meant. The word isn't quite strong enough for the thing that Jolson has. Unimpressive as the comparison may be to Mr. Jolson, we should say that John the Baptist was the last man to possess such a power. There is something supernatural back of it, or we miss our guess.



WHEN Jolson enters, it is as if an electric current had been run along the wires under the seats where the hats are stuck. The house comes to tumultuous attention. He speaks, rolls his eyes, compresses his lips, and it is all over. You are a life member of the Al Jolson Association. He trembles his under lip, and your heart breaks with a loud snap. He sings a banal song, and you totter out to send a night letter to your mother. Such a giving-off of vitality, personality, charm, and whatever all those other words are, results from a Jolson performance that it is small wonder that on the day after his opening in New York he broke down and had to close the show until the following week. We got enough vitamins out of being present to enable us to ride our bicycle at top speed all the way out to Scarsdale that night, and at that had enough left over to shingle the roof before we went to bed.

It may be that we were hypnotized by Mr. Jolson's eyes, but it seemed to us that, in addition to everything else, he had the funniest material that we have ever heard him work with. It was so funny that we lost track of all the good ones we were going to quote, and can remember none of them now. That gives us an excuse to go to "Big Boy" again—if we can get in.



EXHAUSTED by the foregoing effusion, we fear that we may not be able to do justice to "Is Zat So?" We'll do our best, however.

Here again we have material that is so genuinely funny that it doesn't make any difference what the surroundings are. Tough prizefighter talk is no new thing on the stage,

but Mr. James Gleason has given us a line of it which transcends anything in its class we have ever heard before. Like Ring Lardner, Mr. Gleason draws his humor up from way down deep in his hero's mind, which makes it not only comic but accurate. And when Mr. Gleason, who is one of the best young actors on the stage, reads his own lines the effect is practically perfect. That word "practically" has no place in there. Consider it out.

And no less perfect is the work of Robert Armstrong, who plays the lightweight champion. We are not bandying the word "perfect" about indiscriminately, although it may sound so. We mean exactly that. When you have seen Messrs. Gleason and Armstrong, you have not seen two actors talking tough. You have seen a prizefighter and his manager, and, if you are at all susceptible, you have a genuine affection for them.

The title "Is Zat So?" wouldn't indicate anything particularly artistic, and for the play itself the title is good enough (except in such splendid spots as the curtain to the first scene of the second act), but there are lines and situations which, combined with the work of Messrs. Gleason and Armstrong, make it one of the most artistic things New York has seen this year—and just about the funniest.



IT is perhaps unfair to follow the hilarious endorsement of Jolson and "Is Zat So?" with such gentlemanly applause as is called for by the very nature of "Mrs. Partridge Presents —." This is a play by Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne (Miss Kennedy, like Mr. Gleason, is on the stage), and is a most amusing and delicate reversal of the old problem of juvenile freedom. Blanche Bates is the mother who is so anxious for her children to lead their own lives that she tries to lead their lives for them, and Sylvia Field and Edward Emery, Jr., are the young people who would rather not have careers if it is all the same to Mother. What is known as a "bit" is developed into an "act in one" by the skill of Ruth Gordon, who wanders on and off the stage with no particular reason and certainly no rhyme, carrying the works on her smartly dressed shoulders.



WE are very sorry, but we have to make this page a hundred per cent. enthusiastic this week by recommending without qualification "Big Boy," "Is Zat So?" and "Mrs. Partridge Presents —." Better luck next week.

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

More or Less Serious

Beyond. *Provincetown*—To be reviewed later.

Dancing Mothers. *Marine Elliott's*—Just a mother who tried to keep her daughter and husband at home nights.

The Depths. *Broadhurst*—To be reviewed later.

Ladies of the Evening. *Lyceum*—The one about the gentleman who saved a young lady from—what is that now?—oh, yes—"worse than death."

My Son. *Nora Bayes*—There must be more in this little play about Cape Cod folk than we saw in the first place. It has been running almost six months.

Old English. *Ritz*—George Arliss giving a fine characterization in a slightly tiresome show.

Othello. *Shubert*—Walter Hampden forsaking *Cyrano* for black-face.

The Piker. *Eltinge*—To be reviewed later.

Processional. *Garrick*—To be reviewed next week.

Silence. *National*—H. B. Warner in just such a crook play as he should have.

Simon Called Peter. *Broadhurst*—There was that novel. Well, this is that play.

S. S. Glencairn. *Princess*—A collection of vivid one-act plays by Eugene O'Neill.

They Knew What They Wanted. *Klaw*—Pauline Lord and Richard Bennett in a superbly acted tragi-comedy which deserves it.

The Valley of Content. *Apollo*—To be reviewed later.

What Price Glory? *Plymouth*—The war, a woman, and the marines in a combination which it would be hard to beat.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—Showing that you can't buck the hot sun unless you have African blood.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—The Phenicians were among the earliest settlers of Britain.

Badges. *Ambassador*—Madge Kennedy and Gregory Kelly in a highly amusing little detective play.

Candida. *Forty-Eighth St.*—An excellent cast in one of the best comedies in the English language (which, if you will pardon our chauvinism, means in any language).

The Firebrand. *Morosco*—That agile lover, Benvenuto Cellini, in a series of very entertaining clinches.

The Guardsman. *Booth*—Molnar's comedy of domestic suspicion made something new by the performances of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

The Harem. *Belasco*—Lenore Ulric in doubles and triples entendres.

Isabel. *Empire*—To be reviewed later.

Is Zat So? *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Lass o' Laughter. *Comedy*—It is lucky that Flora Le Breton is pretty, or there wouldn't be anything at all to say for this one.

The Little Clay Cart. *Neighborhood*—If you have liked the other Neighborhood productions, as we have, you will like this, as we did.

Milgrim's Progress. *Wallack's*—Louis Mann, whatever that means to you.

Minick. *Bijou*—Last weeks of this touching true picture of apartment life during a visit from Father.

Mrs. Partridge Presents. *Belmont*—Reviewed in this issue.

New Brooms. *Fulton*—Frank Craven in his own play.

Peter Pan. *Knickerbocker*—The old favorite, with Marilyn Miller in the title rôle.

Pigs. *Little*—Small but good.

Quarantine. *Henry Miller's*—A slightly new variant of the old honeymoon-by-mistake plot, with Helen Hayes and Sidney Blackmer.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—The success of this is an antidote to the success of "Abie's Irish Rose," proving that nothing means anything.

Two Married Men. *Longacre*—To be reviewed later.

The Way of the World. *Cherry Lane*—Congreve for those who like it.

The Youngest. *Gaiety*—Genevieve Tobin and Henry Hull in a pleasantly vague comedy of banter.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Annie Dear. *Times Square*—Billie Burke and Ernest Truex in a musical version of "Good Gracious, Annabelle."

Artists and Models. *Astor*—For the trade.

Betty Lee. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Pretty good.

Big Boy. *Winter Garden*—Reviewed in this issue.

Chauve-Souris. *Forty-Ninth St.*—A return of Balieff's popular entertainers with a new line of goods.

China Rose. *Martin Beck*—To be reviewed later.

The Grab Bag. *Globe*—Ed Wynn is Ed Wynn, there's no getting around that—and who wants to, anyway?

I'll Say She Is. *Casino*—The Marx Brothers in the midst of several thousand laughs.

Kid Boots. *Schwinn*—None of them seems to make much impression on Eddie Cantor and his show.

Lady, Be Good! *Liberty*—Gershwin's best score, with the Astaires and Walter Catlett to make it even better.

The Love Song. *Century*—To be reviewed later.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—An all-around excellent revue, with Fannie Brice and lots of others.

My Girl. *Vanderbilt*—Nice enough.

Patience. *Greenwich Village*—You know.

Rose-Marie. *Imperial*—For those who like their music musical.

The Student Prince. *Jolson's Fifty-Ninth St.*—Grand singing.

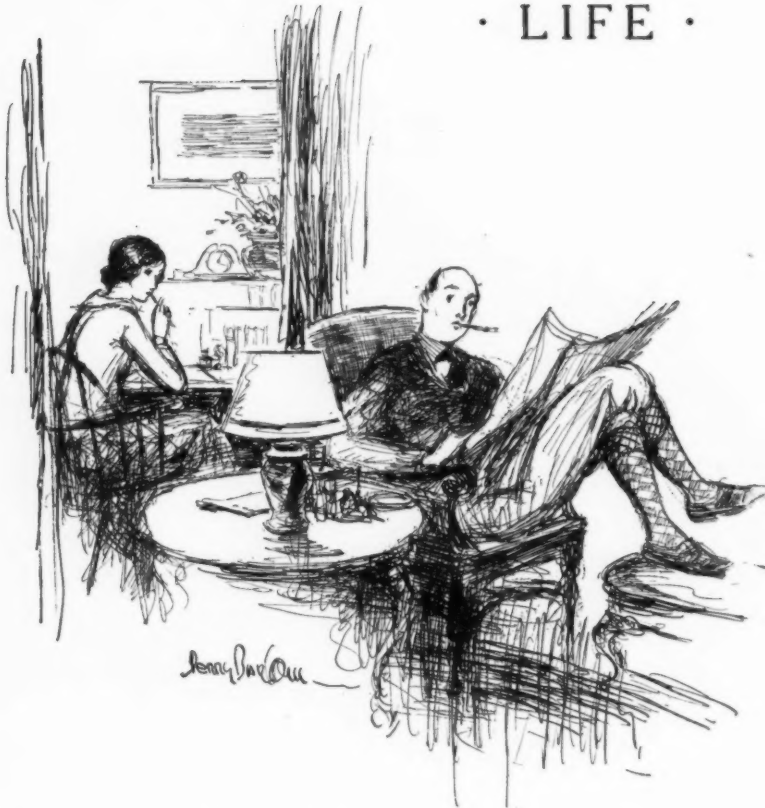
Topsy and Eva. *Sam H. Harris*—The Duncan Sisters in a harmonized "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Much the same, which fortunately includes Will Rogers.



ED WYNN IN "THE GRAB BAG"

• LIFE •



"WILL YOU BRING ME THE ENCYCLOPEDIA, HAROLD?"

"WHAT DID YOU WANT TO KNOW, DEAR?"

The One Hundred Per Cent. Boob Is:

THE fellow who sets the alarm clock for six-thirty and actually expects to get up the moment it rings;

Who once followed the Hints to Health by taking an ice-cold shower in January, and then proclaimed to the office that it made him feel "great";

Who insists on grapefruit for breakfast on the morning the tablecloth comes back from the laundry;

Who spends months in trying to remember to purchase shaving soap, razor blades and garters;

Who wears an attached collar and paper cuff-protectors on the same warm day;

Who pronounces the newspaper comic strips silly, but always turns to them the first thing;

Who continues to tell a funny story after every one has admitted having heard it;

Who never thinks in time of buying a suit equipped with extra trousers;

Who owns and carries five fountain pens, none of which works;

Who is deadly afraid of asking directions of policemen, calling toll operators, complaining to headwaiters, learning new card games and being introduced to actresses.

A typical example of the species may be found in the undersigned.

Tip Bliss.

Just Bumminaroun

A Lesson in New Yorkese

"WELLIFFIT taint Hairy! Wa snoo hunh, kid?"

"Owidunno, Joey. Ijusbin bumminaroun ashoesual. Whaddayaknow?"

"Owidunno. Iwasta Annie's acuppalla nitesback. Sheyast faya."

"Annie yast famme disshe? Well, letta ast."

"Wasseatin youwan her, Hairy? Jahavva scrappa sumpin?"

"Owidunno. Shesez Iwas alwiz bumminaroun."

"Wellof alla cas tirun noive!"

"'Whaddayamean bumminaroun?' Isez. 'Youknow whattamean,' shesez; 'Imean bumminaroun.'"

"Maybe shemean youwas now kinda bumminaroun like."

"Sowisez, 'Awrite, Tannie, iffats saway yafeel aboutit awrite,' Isez. AnnI beatit annI yaint seena since."

"Aw, sheget toverit. Chasay wego bowlus afew frames?"

"Naw, Iyaint gonno timeta waste bowlin an bumminaroun likeat."

"Cuttinouta bumminaroun, areya?"

"Well, Iguess maybe ittaint sagood."

"Naw, ittaint sahot. Iguess maybe yarightin cuttin itout."

"Iguess Iyam."

"Sure, Hairy."

"Yeah, Joey, nosense in bumminaroun likeat bowlin....Besides, Igotta dateta shootafella acuppalla gamesa pool."

Henry William Hanemann.

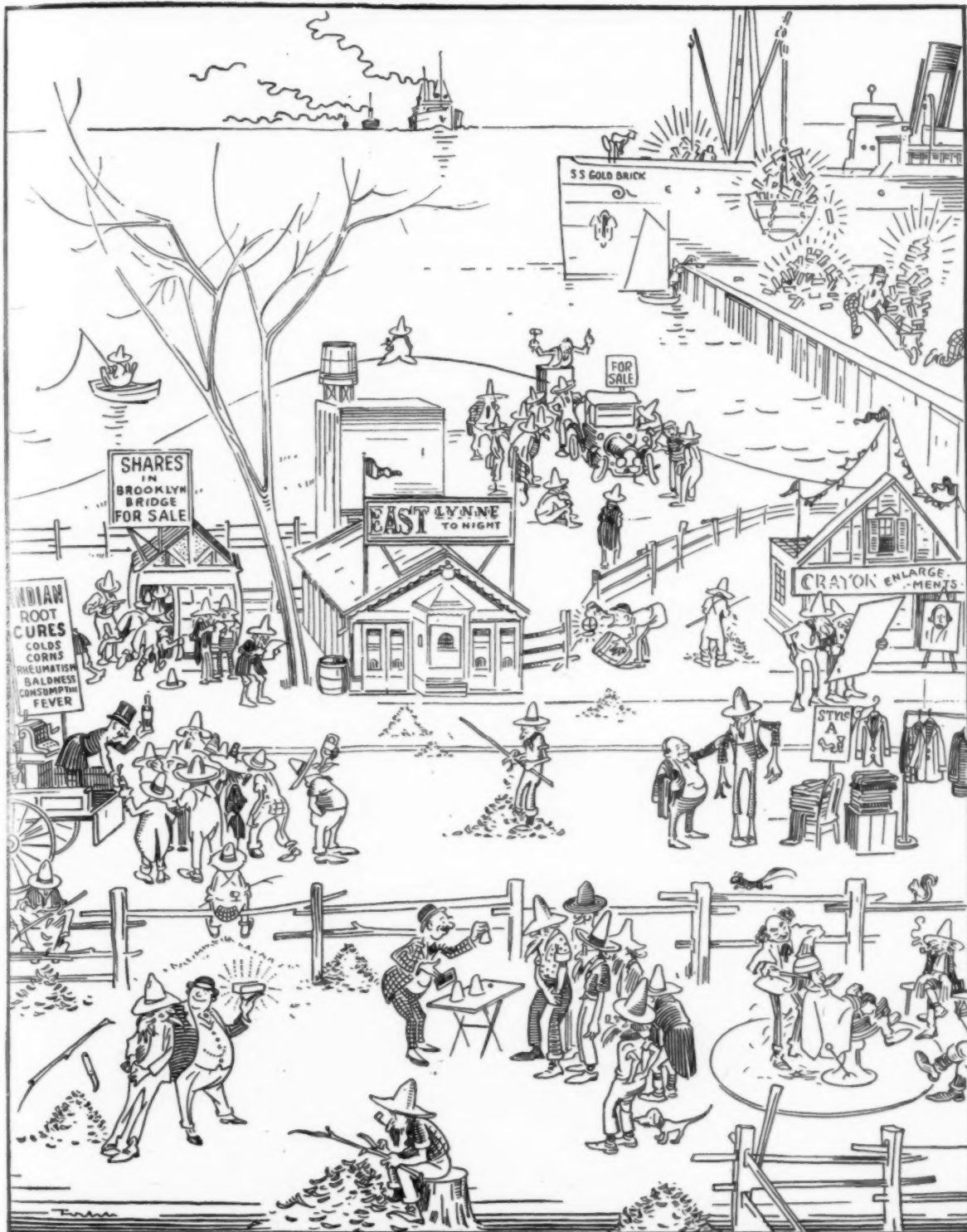
"PHILIPS looks like a new man."

"No wonder. His wife has decided to stop changing her mind about letting her hair grow."



FAMOUS BOOBS OF HISTORY

FULTON—THE IMPRACTICAL DREAMER WHO TRIED TO MAKE A SHIP MOVE UNDER ITS OWN POWER



SUGGESTION TO THE LEAGUE
WHY NOT START A BOOBS' COLONY ON THE ISLAND OF YAP?



"WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY, PAPA?"
 "OH, KEEP YOUR HANDS OUT OF KRAUSMEYER'S APPLES
 — THAT WOULD BE PRESENT ENOUGH FOR ME."
Skippy: OH, I'LL DO THAT ANYWAY. HE KEEPS THEM
 IN THE BACK NOW.



Skippy: WHAT WOULD YA LIKE—FOR INSTANCE, NOW?
 "WELL, WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST?"
Skippy: WELL, SIR, I BEEN ALL OVER THIS TOWN 'N'
 I DIDN'T SEE A THING. I CAME NEAR BUYIN' A HAND-
 KERCHIEF, BUT THEY DIDN'T EVEN HAVE ONE O' THE
 INITIALS IN YOUR WHOLE NAME. ANYWAY, THEY LOOKED
 LIKE TABLECLOTHS. AND THE NECKTIES I SAW—NO
 COLORS AT ALL 'N' NONE O' THEM LESS THAN FIFTY
 CENTS.



Skippy: SO I GOT ASKIN' THE FELLERS, BUT THEY
 TRIED TO SELL ME A NANNY GOAT. 'COURSE I WASN'T
 TO BE TOOK IN LIKE THAT—SEEN'S B'LEEVIN'. THEY
 WAS ALL GAME FOR A LITTLE SURPRISE PARTY, ONLY I
 COULDN'T SHAKE A NICKEL'S WORTH O' PEANUTS OUTA
 THE CROWD. WHEN I SEE I'D HAVE TO SWING THE THING
 MYSELF, OH, LOY, WHAT AN IDEA OOFED ME!



"NOW, THIS PRESENT CAN'T BE DRINKED 'N' IT CAN'T
 BE EAT, BUT IT'S SOMETHING YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE.
 JUST AN ELEGANT REMEMBRANCE, ONLY WE GOT TO GO
 OUT TO GET IT. GET YA HAT 'N' COAT."
Father: WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO—TAKE ME OUT TO
 BE MEASURED FOR A SET OF ENCYCLOPÆDIAS?
 "WARM, YA GETTIN' WARM!"

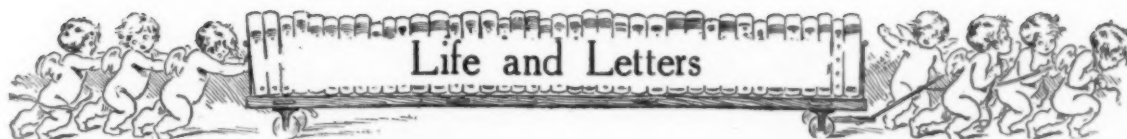


Skippy: THE BUNCH KNOWS WHAT THIS IS GOIN' TO
 BE 'N' I JUST WISH YA COULD SEE THE JEALOUSY STICK
 OUT—GREEN-EYED, THAT'S WHAT THEY WAS. ANY TIME
 ANYBODY TAKES YA FOR A BONBON, ALL YA HAVE TO
 DO IS FLASH MY PRESENT. REGULAR GUY RIGHT AWAY,
 YES, SIR! A MAN'S GIFT, THAT'S WHAT THIS IS.
 "I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER—WHAT IS IT?"



Skippy: I CAN'T HOLD OUT NO LONGER OR I'LL RUST.
 PAPA, YOU'RE BEIN' TAKEN OUT TO GET TATTOOED.

Skippy



MOST mystery stories sound as if the hand that penned them had to be guided by a firm overlapping clasp, or as if they were dictated to a stenographer who set down exactly what she heard and then sent it off to the publisher. Those written by J. S. Fletcher do *not*, which may be why he is the favorite author of several of our country's greatest men. Mr. Fletcher takes time to put in "touches," much as a good chef flutes a pastry to evidence the pleasure he takes in his own skill. A Fletcher villain, standing by a window, will not be too preoccupied with crime to overlook the flower-box on the ledge of the firm below or even to whiff in some of its fragrance. Sometimes Mr. Fletcher will go so far as to mention that the flowers have just been watered by a girl clerk. Which has nothing to do with the case, of course, but everything to do with literary style.

"The Wolves and the Lamb" (Knopf) is the new Fletcher book, and you must not be deceived by the smok-

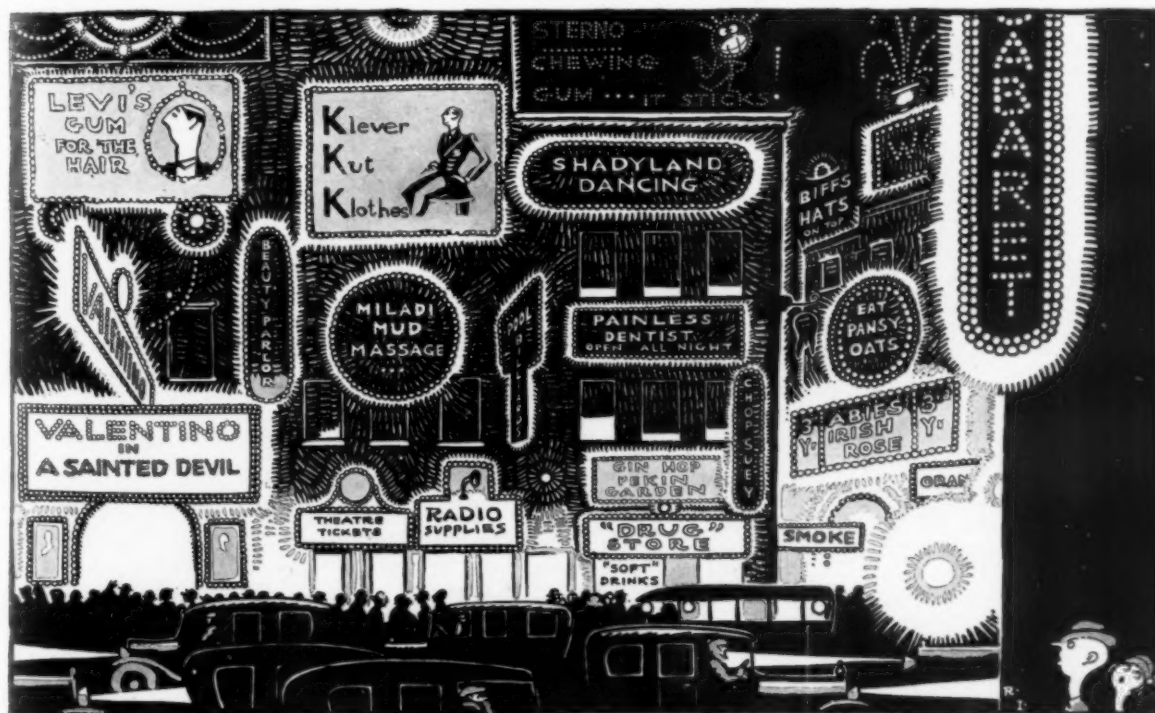
ing revolver on the jacket, because only one shot rings out in the story and it is by no means the pivot of the plot. This time we have an unsophisticated man with three hundred thousand pounds and no place to go until a pair of clever scoundrels take him in hand and begin to show him about. A valuable diamond necklace dodges in and out of the story on the "Who's got the button?" principle, and an exciting time is had by all, including the reader.

IF you can fight your way through the crowds in the first chapter of "The Matriarch," by G. B. Stern (Knopf), you will come upon an interesting old woman and the ramifications of a huge family which she bossed, as the poet has it, right and left. Never have I seen or heard of so many people in a book. I gave up trying to identify the sisters and the cousins and the aunts after a few pages, and devoted my interest to old *Anastasia Rakonitz*, *Toni*, the granddaughter who was to grow up

so like her, and *Daniel*, who got into the family on a fluke. On page 45, a child of six is told: "You are the eldest daughter of the eldest son of the eldest daughter of the eldest son of your great-great-great-grandfather, Simon Rakonitz." The little girl seemed to get it, but I didn't, so I unfortunately turned to the genealogical table appended to the final chapter and accidentally learned that *Daniel* did not marry *Toni* after all, which took some of the wind out of my interest's sails. Remembering in time, however, that I mustn't be a foolish sentimentalist, I turned back and followed the *Rakonitzes* up to 1924. It was something like picking out the detail on densely populated tapestry, and likewise more or less worth the pains.

"ENTRANCED," by Grace Flandrau (Harcourt, Brace), brings out beautifully what can happen to our psychology when we are given some light as to how other people actually see us.

(Continued on page 32)



THE BOOBS' PARADISE



"OH, DEAR! AIN'T THAT MEAN? IT'S THE SAME FORTUNE I GOT YESTERDAY!"

"Our Mr.——"

HUMANITY must be enlightened! Long enough has one-half of the world staggered in ignorance of how the other half lives.

The other half is salesmen.

Salesmen live by walking to and fro—by looking up at street numbers and down at cards in their hands.

Salesmen live by developing personality, carrying conviction to clients—by developing length of arm, carrying brief-cases and reaching at lunch counters.

Salesmen live on inspiration caught at salesmen meetings—caught from Sales-Managers who declare: "Our future executives must come from the ranks of our sales force!"

Salesmen live by wearing down their shoe soles, and by wearing down their prospects until they sign in exhaustion.

Salesmen having expense accounts live by carefully making out same.

Salesmen's wives and youngsters live in small flats. They wear last year's clothes and the wives are good at mending.

There are other salesmen but they do not belong to this half.

R. A. H.

"**H**AVE you noticed how thin Smithers has grown?"

"Yes. His wife is dieting."

Lament

I HEREBY rise to vent my spleen;
(Although my weakness I betray)
For years and years now, I have been
An entrant in the contest fray;
New contests spring up every day,
I try them all—and never get
A prize, or any form of pay:
I've never won a contest yet!

I've tried to name a magazine,
I've tried to write a movie play,
I've tried to praise a vaseline,
I've written slogans, limericks—yea,
I've even penned a roundelay
Extolling some new bobbed-hair net!
But what's the use? Try as I may,
I've never won a contest yet!

For tooth-paste names I've raked my bean,
And eke for drinks, and beauty-clay;
I've thought up names for margarine
Till my (remaining) hair turned gray;
I've tried trick phrases to convey
The worth of some new cigarette,
And still I sorrowfully say:
I've never won a contest yet!

L'Envoi

Prince!—Lady Luck, I mean—I pray
That you my fortune will abet.
Who gets the prizes, anyway?
I've never won a contest yet!

G. Hathaway.



THE ACID TEST

THE DIRECTORS OF THE UNIVERSAL RADIO CORPORATION TRY OUT A NEW
BEDTIME STORY-TELLER



"NO, HE AIN'T EXACTLY WHAT YA CALL HANDSOME—JUST SORTA, YOU KNOW, ELEGANT, WITH DARK HAIR AN' EYES
AND A—WELL, I DON'T KNOW JUST HOW TO DESCRIBE 'M.'"
"YEAH, I KNOW THE TYPE."

The Boobs' Alphabet

A ASS	H Hot sketch	O Oaf	V Vacuum
B Bimbo	I Idiot	P Poor fish	W Wiseacre
C Clod	J Jay	Q Quince	X Xeno
D Dumbbell	K Kluck	R Rum-dum	Y Yap
E Easy mark	L Lout	S Sap	Z Zany
F Fall guy	M Mutton-head	T Total loss	
G Goof	N Nincompoop	U Utter nut	

Modern Variant

FIRST WILD WESTERN: Say, pard, be there any bars
in the canyon?

SECOND W. W.: No, there ain't no bars, but I hear tell
they've got a few speak-easies.

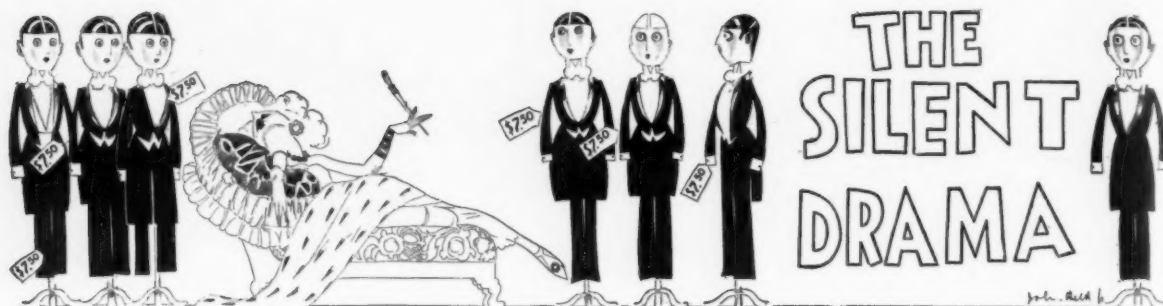
At the Movies

L U: And what part of the picture did you like best?
SUE: The part when Jack proposed to me, of course.



FAMOUS BOOBS OF HISTORY

SHAKESPEARE—THE SAP WHO LEFT A GOOD HOME AND
WENT TO LONDON TO WRITE PLAYS



"To-morrow's Love"

SUPERFICIALLY, "To-morrow's Love" is fairly good entertainment; but whatever of value it has is all on the outside. When that is penetrated you find no meat or bone or muscle—nothing, in fact, but a mass of sawdust swept from the studio floor. That is generally the case with movie comedy dramas of marriages: they never seem to bother themselves to any great extent with logic or reason.

You may well find moments of amusement in "To-morrow's Love," but it would be unwise to stop long enough to ask, "Why?"

"A Lost Lady"

THE conversion of Willa Cather's "A Lost Lady" into a movie presented considerable problems to the hardy producer who undertook it. For here was a story which was essentially gentle, which covered a long period of time, and which stressed throughout a clear note of tragedy.

In spite of these barriers, "A Lost Lady" emerges from Hollywood an effective picture—at times, a great picture. Its director, Harry Beaumont, has wisely chosen to emphasize the loveliness of Miss Cather's central character, and of her surrounding scene, with continual reference to the underlying ugliness of her life. The story is followed closely, and for this reason the actual ending seems abrupt: gaps which could be bridged with words can not readily be traversed with pictures.

Irene Rich gives a beautiful performance as the luckless lady, and George Fawcett is splendid as the fine old pioneer to whom, in a regretted moment, she was married. These two are the ideal selections for their parts.

Mr. Beaumont has directed the picture with appreciation and with respect for Miss Cather, and he has received

invaluable aid from his camera-man (who never gets credit, anyway). The photography throughout is exceptionally fine.

THOSE who read "A Lost Lady" and understood its fragile charm will be jarred by many things in the picture: but this, it seems to me, is in-

A-N-D
T-H-E-N
C-A-M-E
T-H-E
D-A-W-N



THE GENTLEMAN FOR WHOM THEY TIME
THE MOVIE CAPTIONS

THE SILENT DRAMA

evitable in the case of any good novel that is transplanted to the screen. Scenes and actions and faces may be recorded on celluloid, but it is impossible, as yet, to photograph literary style.

"East of Suez"

AFTER "Forbidden Paradise," which stands as one of the genuinely great exhibits in the Hall of Film Fame, "East of Suez" is a distinct come-down for Pola Negri. It is all about a half-caste who, presumably, has little money but who can afford to wear the most costly clothes that the inspired *couturiers* of Los Angeles can produce.

There is one thing to be said for her, however: she doesn't turn out in the end to be a pure white girl who was adopted by a Chinese family after her father and mother met death in the Boxer uprising. That, at least, is unusual.

Raoul Walsh directed "East of Suez," and has managed to include some ideas in Oriental scenery that were doubtless left over from "The Thief of Bagdad"; but otherwise his is an undistinguished piece of work.

Recent Developments

IN response to what is always known as "Popular Demand" (which usually signifies the receipt of a postcard from one Old Subscriber), I have revived the column known as "Recent Developments." It will be found on page 32.

The old subscriber in this instance asked for the return of this guide because, he explained, "we can't remember what you say about pictures." This statement is none too welcome to one who likes to feel that he is achieving immortality through the words that he sets down on paper; but I can readily sympathize with that point of view. My memory isn't so darned good, either.

R. E. Sherwood.



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Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up

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AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

London Love Lyrics

'E mayn't be one for looks—'e ain't!
In fac', 'e'd make you want a tonic.
You couldn't say as 'e's a saint,
'E drinks, and, when 'e drinks, 'e's
chronic!
But since 'e arst me to be true—
No warning, mark you, not a sign—
I'm proud. I don't know what to do:
'E's mine!
—"Beachcomber," in *London Express*.

Miscast

A Broadway theatrical manager who married recently for the fourth—or was it the fifth?—time is now living alone. Asked why he and his wife had parted, he replied: "She had no conception of the part."—*New York Evening World*.

A TAILORING paper says that a man with a new suit is instinctively trusted. Of course. If he wasn't, how would he get the suit?—*Punch*.



WELL MET

"PARDON ME, COULD YOU DIRECT ME
TO PERCY STREET?"
"OH, YOU LUCKY GIRL! I AM
PERCY STREET."
—*Starr Wood's Annual (London)*.

SHE (relating her travels): And in
Florence I visited the Pitti Palace.
He: Oh, did ums?—*Boston Transcript*.

The Shadow in the Fog

The best insurance story of the year comes from the house organ of a well-known London company, and is supplied by one of their Scottish branches.

An agent, who had been sent out to interview an applicant for a life policy, stated in his report that he had been unable to judge the present state of health of the individual concerned as, owing to a heavy mist, he could not tell whether he was a tall man with a sporran or a short man with a beard.

—*Sphere (London)*.

The Furniture Mover

GUEST (at *séance*): You certainly have a remarkable medium. With the tips of his fingers he lifts up wardrobes, tables, bookcases.

HOSTESS: Yes. It seems that before he was a medium he worked for a storage warehouse.

—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris)*.

Paying Out

BANK ROBBER: Quick! Hand over the money.

TERRIFIED CLERK: C-c-certainly, sir. H-h-how would you like it?

—*Gaiety (London)*.

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Meet the World with a
Bright and Smiling Face,

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This ensures the smile, the cheery outlook that helps you to face difficulties and overcome them, and be bravely ready to surmount the next higher problems on the road to success. The cheerful man is the one chosen for advancement, rather than the grouch who never smiles. To make a success of it, then, try LIFE With Its Laugh on Every Page for a year, or try our

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(136)



Shipwrecked Old Lady (in righteous indignation):
AND TO THINK I ONCE ENCOURAGED YOUR SPECIES BY
KEEPING A GOLD-FISH.

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across
the Sea**

Apollinaris

**is brought to you
from the spring bot-
tled only with its
own natural gas.**

**"The Queen
of Table Waters"**

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.,
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

The Crossword Enthusiast Recites an Old Jingle

I WENT to the animal fair,
All the emus and yaks were there,
The pumas and tapirs
Were cutting up capers—
But the lion, he stayed in his lair.

What They Read in the Subway

MOST of the laborers who are riding at 7 A. M. read the pictorial scandal newspapers.

MOST of the stenographers who are riding at 8 A. M. read the pictorial scandal newspapers, and magazines of the confessional type.

MOST of the young up-and-coming go-getters who aspire to executive positions, riding at 8:30 A. M., are reading the standard newspapers, principally the sporting page.

MOST of the paunchy old gentlemen in square-topped derbies, spats, and mut-ton-chop whiskers, who are riding about 10 A. M., are reading the financial page.

MOST of the young girls who are riding about 2 P. M., on their way to matinees, are reading the movie magazines.

I once saw in an early morning subway train a young man, who looked like a Bolshevik, reading "David Copperfield."

D. R. S.

THE worst fate in the world would be to be wrecked on a desert island with a crossword puzzle book and no pencil.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 12)

as parlour entertainers, finding two fine ones, Main Street Wasn't Big Enough for Mary, and I Found You Out When I Found You in Somebody Else's Arms. Thence to Marjorie Patterson's and Theodora Bean's for luncheon, set on a small table laden with some of the crested crystal which had belonged to the famous Betsy Patterson, so we were struck dumb with horror when, through the carelessness of a servant in adjusting the legs properly, the entire board crashed to the floor as we were about to seat ourselves. Nought was broken, fortunately, save the uncostly sherry glasses which had come from Macy's basement, which is a splendid item under the evidence of the existence of a Deity. After the meal we fell to gossip and scandal, which delighted me so that I cried out, Come, now, let us have more—I do love dirt! whereto Marjorie replied, anent the personalities involved, This is not dirt—it's simply characterization!

January
24th

Off betimes to buy a pair of silver slippers, behind a taxi driver who sang so blithely that I feared he must be drunk and would land me in a hospital instead of a bootery, but it proved, thank God, to be only geniality and a lack of self-consciousness. I had liefer have them carol than turn back to make conversation with me, as so many of them do of late, and will continue to do, says my husband, until I cease looking so friendly and simple-minded. Which reminds me that I must cultivate a greater severity of expression. Home in the early afternoon, awaiting Sam, who tarried so long that I began to suspect foul play, but he came home at six o'clock with the news that he had stopped at the club for tea. It was high tea, I take it, said I, whereupon he made a playful feint at me with his muffler with so uncertain an aim that he knocked over our best lamp and broke it. Which did teach me that there is a time and place for everything, including repartee.

Baird Leonard.

Fable

ONCE upon a time there was a moving picture which portrayed a youthful bachelor's dinner party without introducing a swimming pool, buckets of champagne, bathing girls, toy balloons, silken streamers, half a dozen jazz hands, hundred-dollar bills (concealed beneath the ladies' plates) and leopard skin rugs.

A BOOB is a wise guy who has just left the room.

**And Mother said:
"You may get a package
of Wrigley's
too!"**



Wise mother: - she re-
wards the little errand
runner with something
delicious, long-lasting
and beneficial.

Happy, healthy child-
ren, with Wrigley's-
and best of all - the
cost is small!

*A leading dentist
states that chewing
gum not only cleans
the teeth and aids
digestion but acts
as a mild antiseptic
in the mouth at the
same time that it re-
freshes.*

WRIGLEY'S

"after every meal"



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The Complete Raconteur

Two men were talking at the club.

"When I am telling a man a story," said one of them, "I stop short if I see a peculiar gleam in his eyes."

"Does it mean that he has heard the story before?" inquired the other.

"No," answered the first; "it means that he isn't listening, because he is thinking of the one he intends to tell me."—*Tatler (London)*.

With a Purpose

HUB: Were you wise, dear, in giving our guests rooms so near to the nursery?

WIFE: It's the only way we can get them up in time for breakfast.

—*Boston Transcript*.



Mrs. Jilp: 'EAVINS! WOT ORFUL LANGWIDGE!

Mrs. Dildge: ORL RIGHT; IT'S ONLY MY BILL. 'E'S ALLUS A-TRIPPIN' OVER THAT PRAYER-MAT WOT 'E BROUGHT 'OME FROM MESPO-TAMIA! —*Lunt, in The Maggie (London)*.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Revived

Isadore Brelan, inveterate gambler, having shown proper repentance in his final hour, was admitted to Paradise.

But, alas! after some time, the joy of taking part in the celestial concert was not sufficient for his happiness, so he approached St. Peter.

"Good St. Peter," he said, "I am not happy. None of my friends are here. Could you tell me where I may find Bloch, Isaac and Kahn, with whom I used to play poker every day?"

"None of those names is on our books," answered the Holy Keeper of the Celestial Gates, "but perhaps, if you will take the elevator to the left on the way out and go down five thousand floors, you will find your friends. And take this return ticket—because without it you can't get back here."

Fortified with the precious ticket, Isadore Brelan took the elevator. It let him out near his friends, who were busy in an enormous poker party.

He wanted to play.... "Show your money," said one of the players.

"I haven't any money," swore Isadore. "Up there in Heaven we don't use it."

"Too bad! This is a hard cash proposition, down here."

Poor Isadore, entirely without clothes and not even able to offer his effects to a pawn shop, took himself off, sad and afflicted. Suddenly he had a triumphant idea, and with a smile on his lips he came back to his old comrades with a big roll of bills in his hand.

"How did you get that money?" asked Isaac.

"Oh," said Isadore, "I sold my return ticket."—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Unfit to Deliver

Mrs. New called at the grocer's to make a complaint.

"I ordered a dozen oranges from you to-day," she said, sharply, "and you only sent me eleven. How was that?"

"Well, ma'am," explained the grocer, "one of them was so bad that I took the liberty of throwing it away for you."

—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

House Party Strategy

"That tiresome guest of ours," said wifey, "just received a telegram saying that he was wanted in town."

"Well?" responded hubby.

"I wonder if he sent it."

"No, I sent it."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

CHARLADY: I don't mind comin' now an' again to oblige yer.

LADY: It's very good of you. But what I really require is daily condescension.—*Punch*.

The Flop

It was in the chorus dressing-room, just before the second performance of the latest musical comedy. Some of the slim beauties were giving themselves immense airs over mentions in various critiques of the production. Big Amy, the wardrobe woman, was a sympathetic listener, always saying "Splendid!" and not forgetting to roll her eyes and gasp with delight in the proper places.

Suddenly she turned to a pouting pony, who was applying expression to her features in the darkest corner of the room.

"And what sort of notice did you get, darlin'?" she inquired.

The pony turned to her a tear-swollen face. "My two weeks," she said dully.

—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

With an Eye to Business

The following from the Pasadena *Star-News* speaks for itself:

"LONG BEACH.—A vertical race is scheduled for next Sunday at a local flying field. Competing airmen will mount to 5,000 feet, turn the noses of their craft to the ground and scoot down. The first one to land will win a silver cup. The man who is donating the cup is J. J. Mottell, a local undertaker."

—*New York Evening World*.

THE NEW BUTLER: Do you have dinner late, madam?

VERY NEW MISTRESS: Certainly not! Give me my meals punctual!

—*London Opinion*.



Slender Women are more popular ~

A graceful slender girl holds a fascination which only slender women have.

Men admire a youthful silhouette. Instinctively, they are drawn towards the woman whose figure is graceful and shapely. That's why slender girls are always popular.

But why worry about being overweight? It's easy to reduce. Use Marmola Tablets (thousands of men and women each year regain healthy, slender figures this way). These tablets will make you slender again. Try them. No exercises or diets.

All drug stores have them—one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1843 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

What do these names convey to you?

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Bayard Taylor
Barrie
Calderon
Charles Reade
Daudet
George Meredith
d'Annunzio
Heidenstam
O. Henry
Ambrose Bierce
Margaret Deland

A REMINDER to keep the promise you made yourself to look up those "best stories" which you have missed?

Then welcome THE GOLDEN BOOK—a new and delightful kind of magazine that brings to your home every month the enduring stories of these and a hundred other great writers.



Kipling
Tolstoy
Conan Doyle
de Maupassant
Stevenson
Mark Twain
Pushkin
Bret Harte
Dumas
Oscar Wilde
Poe
Anatole France
Thomas Hardy
Chekhov
H. C. Bunner
Mérimée
Heinrich Heine
Fitz-James O'Brien
Tarkington

Away with Dull Moments!

There are none in *The Golden Book*, for only the most interesting stories will appear in it—not those which just a few pedants have found interesting, but those that live solely because so many men and women can be thrilled by them, and be thrilled again and again.

Picture the editor, Henry W. Lanier, and his staff advisers scanning all literature to find these undying stories that you and I have missed—perhaps because we are too busy to dig them out for ourselves, or because they were in foreign languages until *The Golden Book* had them translated.

Travel on a Royal Road

Subscriptions are pouring in for the new magazine, with enthusiastic letters of thanks for the wonderful entertainment it affords the whole family. One subscriber puts it very aptly: "I've found the royal road to a command of good English! Why should I read dull books on rhetoric when I can read a magazine full of thrilling stories that at the same time helps me to gain style? Though my writings

are chiefly sales letters, I know that style helps here as much as anywhere to win and hold the attention of the reader."

This young man may not know that the master writers whose stories he enjoys so much in THE GOLDEN BOOK got their command of language in this very manner!

Good Fun in Place of Bad

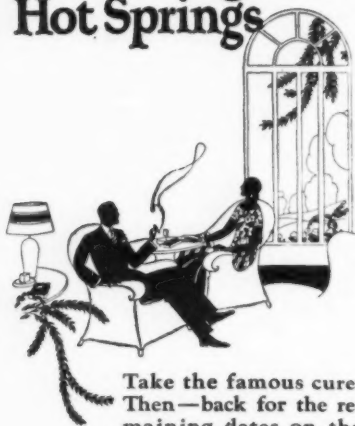
To substitute real entertainment of the kind found in *The Golden Book* is the one way to offset what has tempted young men and women in every generation. Cocktails, dance halls, freak dress, petting parties are simply defense reactions of the present age. To offer the young people something just as daring, just as exciting, just as amusing—but something that leaves a finely stimulated memory is the job of the editor of *The Golden Book*.

Here in *The Golden Book* are gathered the most exciting, the most readable, the most human tales. Whatever your mood, when you pick up the magazine, there will always be a story to please you.

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The Definition of a Boob

In America: Anybody who invests in oil stock. Anybody who doesn't invest in oil stock.

In France: A man whose wife—shh! shh!

In England: A writer who refuses to visit the United States to lecture.

In Italy: Anybody who uses a fork on spaghetti.

In Spain: Alfonso XIII.

In Russia: Anybody who believes he was fed, clothed and happy under the rule of the Romanoffs.

In Norway: A Swede.

In Sweden: A Norwegian.

In Germany: A small boy. Correct spelling "Bub'." H. W. H.



THE CAT'S MEOW

Life and Letters

(Continued from page 23)

It is the story of young Dick Malory's ambition's overleaping itself, and falling for financial adjustment into the family circle. The effect of all this upon his wife, his sister and his in-laws makes good reading, and gives Mrs. Flandrau another chance at the social background of a North-Midwestern city, a field which she seems to have chosen for her own. She has not succeeded so well as in "Being Respectable," but there is more drama in "Entranced." The tragedy which is hinted at throughout the story doesn't quite come off, as it wouldn't in real life. I suppose every well-regulated family contains at least one member who should have committed suicide and didn't. But I don't by any means suppose that every potential suicide has a good—and rich!—Samaritan like Butch Lefflers to save him from disgrace.

The people in "Entranced" are almost too commonplace. The table talk at their dinner parties would have driven most of us to the river long before we had chances to become absconders. And yet they are undeniably drawn from the life. You can tell that from Mrs. Robinson, who, although an extravagant woman, saved stray scraps of paper for memoranda. And from Uncle Twing's wife, who "never laughed except at things which were not funny, or believed anything except what was not so."

"JOSEPH PULITZER, HIS LIFE AND LETTERS," by Don C. Seitz (Simon & Schuster), makes the great publisher a much easier man to have worked for than did the reminiscences of one of his secretaries, Alleyne Ireland, which came out a few seasons ago. Mr. Seitz was closely associated with Mr. Pulitzer for eighteen years, but he has walked back several paces with his camera so as to get in more of the scenery against which his subject moved. The result is not only the record of a dynamic personality, but also a review of American journalism and politics since 1868.

Baird Leonard.

A New Name for Poetry

At the conclusion of the Primary Language Class the teacher announced that the subject of the next lesson would be Poetry, and then asked:

"Can any one tell me what poetry is?"

Little Chester immediately raised his hand, and upon being recognized, said: "Poetry is chickens."

DOROTHY (viewing the crowds at Southern resort): Doesn't anybody stay home to take care of the furnaces?

WYNHOOP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD COMPANY, NEW YORK

THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 26.)

Peter Pan. (Paramount)—Betty Bronson makes good in a lovely reproduction of Barrie's play.

Husbands and Lovers. (First National)—A mildly adroit comedy of marital difficulties, with Florence Vidor, Lewis Stone and (yes—you've guessed it) Lew Cody.

So Big. (First National)—Although Colleen Moore makes a heroic attempt to fulfill the intent of Edna Ferber's story, the continuity writer lets her down. This is a sorry counterfeit of something genuinely fine.

Greed. (Metro-Goldwyn)—The fierce, grim tragedy of "McTeague" made by Von Stroheim into a picture which actually deserves the hackneyed adjective, "gripping."

Tongues of Flame. (Paramount)—Thomas Meighan on an Indian reservation—even worse than Thomas Meighan in Alaska.

North of 36. (Paramount)—An effective reflection of the old cattle country, but not nearly so important as "The Covered Wagon."

Romola. (Metro-Goldwyn)—Lillian Gish, some Italian scenery and a terribly dull story.

Inez from Hollywood. (First National)—More sentimental whitewash for the film stars.

The Salvation Hunters. (United Artists)—A frightfully artistic picture, with some good acting, some striking composition and almost no action.

So This Is Marriage. (Metro-Goldwyn)—Cheap.

Classmates. (First National)—Richard Barthelmess is excellent in a West Point story that harks back to the good old days of Frank Merriwell.

Argentine Love. (Paramount)—Dirty work below the equator.

The Fast Set. (Paramount)—A sophisticated comedy about a husband who employed a loose woman to reform his wife.

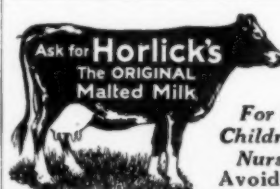
The Iron Horse. (Fox)—A few fine scenes distributed through an incoherent mass of wild melodrama and ham comedy.

Wages of Virtue. (Paramount)—Gloria Swanson's lowest ebb.

He Who Gets Slapped. (Metro-Goldwyn)—Lon Chaney gives a fine performance as a clown whose heart is breaking beneath the tinsel.

A Sainted Devil. (Paramount)—Rudolph Valentino and his troupe of primal passions. R. E. S.

FOR SALE, Fine ten-acre orange grove, two years old. Located on beautiful Lake near town. BEN COLLIER. Fruitland Park, Lake County, Fla.



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a regular pipe absorbing 19% Nicotin, 85% Pyridin, 33% Ammoniac. \$5.90. Literature free.

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Are You Ready For the Question?

THE GREAT

?

CONTEST

IS NOW ON

TO all readers—gentle or otherwise—LIFE extends a cordial invitation to engage in a new kind of game—one that has nothing whatever to do with the Yak, the Auk, the Em, the Nabob, the Gnu, the Oaf or other fauna and flora of the great World of Ideas.

LIFE's Question Contest (which begins in this issue) will give your crossword-fagged mind something else to think about, something new to exercise the brain cells on.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found the conditions of the \$1,000 Contest and what you have to do to win some of the prize money. The thing to remember is that the Contest runs for ten weeks and that there will be a new question and a new prize every week.

Of course, you will want to follow this Contest, and see what there is about a Burning Question that makes it burn. And, of course, you can get your copy of LIFE during the Contest period every week at the newsstand.

But how much better it would be to take advantage of our special offer—Ten issues for a Dollar—and thus make doubly sure of getting every Contest issue.

The Coupon in the corner is there to help you—

Obey That Impulse

Life

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